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America

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW
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DECEMBER 23-30, 1961

OF MANY THINGS

This is no season for a column about any but one of many things: Christmas. Now is the time to lift the drooping heart out of its despond. For in these days we know again the wonder and joy of shepherds who heard angels tell Good News for all the people: the Birth to Mary the Virgin of Christ Our Lord in Bethlehem, the City of David.

✓ Christmas comes this year to a feverish world, torn with tensions, frightened to death of its power to destroy. But in faith and hope we sing the old, old songs—"Silent Night" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem, . . . the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight."

✓ We sing them as we sang them ten, twenty, fifty years ago, but now with such keener understanding, such fresh and heightened realization, knowing better with the passing years that life has no clue, no key, unless it be there in the straw of the manger.

✓ So, to all dear ones everywhere; to friends near at hand and away over the sea; to AMERICA's readers, friends, critics and well-wishers—and in a special way to all AMERICA's Associates—a happy and holy Christmas!

✓ Above all, this Christmas we greet the gracious Vicar of Christ, Pope John XXIII, whose paternal Apostolic Blessing, sent us by the hand of His Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State, we publish with humble gratitude in this issue.

✓ God bless us all as we inch into a new year filled with dread and danger, but a year destined, like all years, to find its way back again, in twelve months, to a Child and His Mother.

T.N.D.

"Wild" Christmas	412
The Symbol-Makers	414
<i>Ernan McMullin</i>	
The Human Touch in Politics	418
<i>Francis Canavan</i>	
Home for Christmas	421
<i>Sally Leighton</i>	

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Correspondence

False Alarm

EDITOR: I am disturbed by your obvious bias in favor of the Kennedy Administration. It shows especially in your Current Comment, in your reporting team that contributes to "Washington Front," and in your recent footnote to the perceptive article by William V. Kennedy ("General Walker and Victory," 12/2).

If you feel compelled to associate yourself so closely with the present Administration, should you not identify your periodical as the "National Catholic-Democratic Weekly Review"?

Is it wise for any Catholic periodical, in any country and in any period, to align itself closely with a political party? Who can measure the harm that has come to the Church through the years, precisely because clerical and lay members of the Church, acting in some official capacity, have aligned themselves (and thus their organizations) too closely with a political party?

V. J. SPINA

Hicksville, N.Y.

[This letter is a five-alarm fire under Niagara Falls. We suggest that Mr. Spina read Washington Front more closely. AMERICA itself supports no specific candidates for office, advocates no partisan program, takes no side in purely partisan political disputes. We do, however, declare ourselves on public issues, calling them as we see them. We try, too, to support the President of the United States (whoever he is) and his Administration in matters in which we judge them to be acting for the common good.—ED.]

More on "The Will to Win."

EDITOR: Re your question (12/2), printed under my article "General Walker and Victory," as to Mr. Khrushchev's concurrence with my views on President Kennedy and "the will to win":

On Aug. 13, Mr. Khrushchev put up a wall in Berlin in flagrant violation of Western rights. The United States has had, all along, legal grounds and the power to knock down that wall. The wall stands. The United States has backed down on every succeeding point of four-power control that has been challenged by the Communists.

Despite the warnings of General de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer, Mr. Kennedy has continued to plead for negotiations, when negotiations could lead only to

further Western humiliation, or to a breaking off that would place the onus for the resulting crisis on the West.

Faced with this situation, Chancellor Adenauer made a visit to President Kennedy that was obviously aimed at stiffening American resolve, and which, happily, met with some success.

The trend seemed to be obvious to Chancellor Adenauer. Is Mr. Khrushchev any less perceptive?

WILLIAM V. KENNEDY

Camp Hill, Pa.

Aura of Unreality

EDITOR: The sentiment in an article, "Today's Opportunity," by Dr. Thomas P. Melady (11/4), is admirable, but has an aura of unreality. Such ignorance of the unfortunate existence of racial discrimination in the United States is unbelievable in one who is in a responsible position.

Does one visit with cannibals and not expect to be eaten?

Does one deliberately provoke racial incidents hoping that nothing will happen?

Demonstration of the ugly racial problem to our visitors can hardly be preferable to thorough presentation—with a plea for understanding—of the facts.

DAVID J. CROSBY, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.

Multiple Ties

EDITOR: The existence of "signs of a new sympathy between Spanish Christian and Jewish thinkers" (Editorial, "Jewish-Christian Rapport," 12/2) is good news. But that "the typical Spaniard has probably never personally known a Jew" seems an irony in light of Spanish history.

After generations of intermarriage between Christians and Jews, didn't Ferdi-

ATTENTION!

Readers should note that this issue of AMERICA is dated Dec. 23-30. There will be no issue next week.

nand and Isabella in the 15th century establish a policy of forced baptism for Jews—or expulsion or even extinction—by the Spanish Inquisition? Doesn't the name of Fr. Lozano's publication, *We the Jews*, imply that today's Spaniard may have more than a spiritual tie to the Jewish people?

JODY CASGRAIN

Newark, N.J.

America / December 23-30, 1961

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Current Comment

WEEKLY LAGNIAPPE

"Christmas means the certainty that nothing of men's good will is lost in whatever they perform in good will, perhaps without being entirely aware of it."

JOHN XXIII, CHRISTMAS, 1959

Church Unity at New Delhi

The organizers of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches had reason to declare themselves immensely gratified with the recent meeting in New Delhi. For 18 days, ending Dec. 6, the representatives of most of the non-Catholic Christian groups worked through a carefully prepared agenda, probing problems of Christian unity in the areas of belief and action. The assembly was conducted with a dignity and a vision that augur well for the sacred cause of Christian unity, which the WCC was created to serve.

Among notable events that took place without dramatic controversy was the admission to WCC membership of the Orthodox Church of Russia. Although some misgivings remain as to the future actions of the Patriarchate of Moscow in the world body, the addition of the Russian Church was hailed by many, including Catholics, as highly desirable. A significant development of a doctrinal nature was the formal decision to include belief in the Trinity and the divinity of Christ as one of the requirements for admission to the WCC.

Since the World Council is not a super-church, the recent WCC assembly was in no sense an authoritative body able to resolve doctrinal or disciplinary problems. The meeting at New Delhi was not the act of a united church but of divided Christians seeking for unity. The second Vatican Council, soon to be convoked by Pope John XXIII, will be a solemn legislative gathering of the bishops of the world in communion with the Holy See. Their concern will be to preserve and strengthen unity, not to restore a unity that has ceased to exist.

Encyclical on Leo I

Five official Catholic observers, expressly appointed by the Holy See, followed the proceedings at New Delhi. This by itself was evidence of the Vatican's growing interest and confidence in the World Council of Churches, since the

previous assemblies took place without Catholic participation of any kind. (One of the accredited observers was Fr. Edward Duff, S.J., former AMERICA associate editor and now editor of *Social Order*.) But Pope John's encyclical on the 15th centennial of the death of Pope Leo I is also a clue to the present attitude of the Holy See. Though dated Nov. 11, the encyclical (entitled *Aeterna Dei Sapientia*) was not released until Dec. 9, a few days after the close of the WCC assembly.

Pope St. Leo the Great was Supreme Pontiff at the time of the Council of Chalcedon, called in 451 to deal with a threat to the unity of the Eastern and Western Churches. The encyclical therefore appropriately stresses the See of Rome as the center of unity, the primacy of the Bishop of Rome and the supreme teaching authority which Christ conferred upon Peter personally and upon his successors. As the Pope noted, with regret, "the unity of the Church does not really correspond to the communion of all believers in one single profession of faith, in the same practice of worship and obedience."

A well-disposed and intelligent non-Catholic ecumenicist will not hasten to interpret these papal words as "Roman arrogance." He will concentrate more upon an obvious allusion to the work of the World Council when the Holy Father testified to the comfort he received in witnessing the "generous and growing efforts made in various parts of the world for the purpose of reconstructing even the visible unity of all Christians."

Candle on Kilimanjaro

Two years ago, Julius K. Nyerere, Prime Minister of the newborn nation of Tanganyika, expressed the wish:

We the people of Tanganyika would like to light a candle and put it on top of Mount Kilimanjaro to shine beyond our borders, giving hope where there was despair, love where there was hate and dignity where there was only humiliation.

In these words Mr. Nyerere proclaimed his concept of what a future state of Africa can and ought to be. They came back to the minds of the vast audience of his fellow countrymen who assembled on Dec. 9 in Dar-es-Salaam, the capital, to celebrate their country's emergence as an independent, sovereign state.

As on numberless preceding occasions, however, the Prime Minister reminded his enthusiastic audience that all the freedom-shouting in the world means nothing if it is not accompanied by hard, patient toil. "The poverty of our country," he said, "the ignorance and the disease from which we suffer did not change last night when our flag was raised."

Julius Nyerere is a successful and conscientious political leader. If he receives co-operation from his people at home and his friends abroad, he will set a standard to which all Africa can repair. Our government showed its confidence in him, not only by choosing Tanganyika as the site of the first Peace Corps project, but also by offering the new government a \$10-million loan.

British Race Problem

For the first time the British government intends to restrict Commonwealth citizens' traditional right of free entry into the motherland. The immigration bill now before Parliament will, on its face, apply to all Commonwealth countries alike. But its effect will be felt chiefly by the Irish and the West Indians.

The Irish Republic is no longer a member of the Commonwealth. But its citizens enjoy most Commonwealth privileges, including free entry into Britain. The Irish, in fact, are the largest group of immigrants into Britain.

Obviously they should not enjoy greater privileges than Commonwealth citizens. On the other hand, since they have a land frontier, in Ireland itself, with the United Kingdom and no passports are needed to cross it, it would be

hard to keep the Irish out. Besides, the British government does not really want to keep them out. The immigration bill, as everyone knows, is aimed at the colored West Indians.

So, first, the government announced that, because of the administrative difficulty of checking Irish immigration, the bill would not apply to Ireland. That caused an uproar in the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic wing of the Conservative party. Now the government has backed down. Some way, it says, will be found to include the Irish in the bill.

The real issue, of course, is the race question. Colored immigrants amount to only one per cent of the British population. But their number is growing fast, and popular sentiment against them is growing even faster.

One hears very little in Britain today about the sins of Little Rock and Cicero, Ill. Instead one finds the *Spectator*, in its Nov. 24 lead editorial, telling the government to "admit that the British people are no more resistant to colour prejudice than the people of, say, Chicago." *C'est triste*, as the French would say, but also just a little *drôle, n'est-ce pas?*

Berlin Stalemate

The seriousness of the Berlin crisis consists in the fact that something "has to give." If we could be sure that the Soviets would back down, life would be beautiful. But, unfortunately, the immediate strain is not on the Communists; it is on Berlin, Germany and the West.

President de Gaulle's refusal to seek any partial or temporary solutions by negotiations offers no relief from these immediate pressures. Chancellor Adenauer, who understandably does not want the West inadvertently to negotiate away any of Germany's future, nevertheless knows that the present impasse must be broken.

It is principally the British who present a strong case for negotiating the Berlin problem before attacking the bigger and deeper issues of East Germany's status and the reunification of Germany. Meanwhile, our Administration is inclined to argue that negotiations must be tried before any more drastic moves can be seriously contemplated.

Our people want peace, but they will

not subscribe to appeasement or capitulation. In any negotiations it will be difficult for the government to satisfy everyone. All bargaining hurts somewhat.

To reach a common understanding, if not wholehearted agreement, Secretary of State Dean Rusk traveled to Paris for a Big Four ministerial council meeting on Dec. 11. Time alone will reveal whether he succeeded in forging a solid NATO cohesion. We shall, perhaps, learn more after the meeting of President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan in Bermuda on Dec. 21 and 22. In the meantime new probes will presumably be made into Soviet intentions.

Electricians' Strike?

If union people wish to know why they have forfeited the good will of many among the independent-minded white-collar groups, they might soberly consider the strike that is threatened by New York electricians for New Year's Day.

This is what Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers is asking of the city's 600 electrical companies:

1. A 4-hour day and a 20-hour week.
2. A wage increase of 40 cents an hour.
3. Medical and hospital coverage for workers who retire in the future.

Demands of this kind can scarcely be expected to appeal to the sense of justice of, say, a college professor struggling along on \$8,000 or so a year. The professor is probably well aware that New York electricians are presently being paid \$4.40 an hour for a contractual 6-hour day and 30-hour week. Chances are he knows also that many union members actually work a 7-hour day, with the seventh hour paid for at time-and-one-half. (A union rule forbids members to work more than 15 hours of overtime a week.) He probably appreciates, too, that the electricians have generous fringe benefits, including an annuity that costs employers \$4 a day for each worker.

If in these circumstances—whether or not they are contrasted with his own—the professor's sympathy for the exploited remains dormant, have the union people any right to be surprised? After all, the workers involved are not

downtrodden; they are the aristocrats of labor.

If Local 3 goes through with its strike—which will take 9,000 men off the job and affect \$500 million worth of construction—it will be one of the most ill-advised and unpopular walk-outs in recent years.

Christmas Card Blast

Cards, cards, "sick" cards, "gag" cards, three billion of them this year, gusts of them turning into a blizzard, seem an inescapable part of our established American pattern for Christmas. Ten years ago, we are told, there weren't so many cards, and of those only ten per cent were religious. Today, following many "Put Christ Back into Christmas" campaigns, the percentage has gone up to 30, and we are meant to be consoled by the role of religion in a multimillion-dollar industry. How the Marxists must chuckle in Scroogey mirth.

Understandably, every Christmas we hear objections to the custom caroled forth on all sides. No one likes the vulgar commercialism, organized hypocrisy, conformism, snobbery, expense and sheer effort. Yet, how few have the courage to resist the pressures—three-fourths of an ounce of pressure with every card that comes in. He is a stout soul indeed who answers not a single card at Christmastide.

However, may not a timid whisper be heard in exculpation? Don't all of us have friends we dearly love but can't write to with any regularity? We do think of them—possibly every day, for example, during the Memento at Mass. But we don't get down to writing. Then comes Christmas, once a year, when we can, without embarrassment, take up a card (even a mass-produced one), sign it personally (at least that!), and add a word of simple affection that we really mean, with possibly a snapshot, too, of our family. And all, business or no business, because it's Christ's birthday.

Sit-In Decision

The U. S. Supreme Court took only a minimal stand on Dec. 11, when it unanimously reversed the conviction of 16 Negro students in Louisiana for allegedly "disturbing the peace" by sitting-in at lunch counters. The court found that the convictions could not

stand because there was no evidence of a threat to the peace in the students' peaceful behavior.

It is estimated by the biracial Southern Regional Council that during the past two years 3,700 sit-in demonstrators have been arrested in the South. What made the court's decision historic was simply the fact that for the first time these students' case has reached the nation's top tribunal, and that the decision went in their favor. This led some Negro leaders to feel that arrests for sit-ins should now end. On the other hand, white officials pointed out that the ruling did not touch the constitutionality of Southern antirespass laws curbing the sit-ins, but merely dealt with the facts in given cases.

It was noted too that, while the court's decision was unanimous, the reasons were not. Justices William O. Douglas and John Marshall Harlan believed that the matter ought to be treated on broader constitutional bases: segregation in businesses licensed by the State, and freedom of expression. Justice Douglas argued that while "one

may close the doors of his home to anyone he desires," it is quite a different matter when one "operates an enterprise under a license from the government." Justice Harlan stated that it was clear that the students were using freedom of expression to "demonstrate that their race was being segregated." Evidently, this important decision is only a beginning.

A Bell for Our Lady

London, that vast city of many bells, has heard a new, clear tone this year in some words that reverberate around each Christmas crib.

"It is our fervent hope that at your visits to the crib this year you may say the 'I Believe' with the simplicity of a child," wrote William Cardinal Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster, in his Advent pastoral. "We ask this," he added, "in order that we may make some recompense for the recent calling into question of certain articles of the Creed." One article he especially had in mind was belief in "Jesus Christ the

Son of God, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary."

The Cardinal rebuked "Christians in name" who reject fundamental doctrines such as the virginity of Mary. "The modern mind regards with the utmost skepticism the possibility of the combination of virginity and motherhood," he wrote, "but God is almighty and can intervene in the normal course of creation. He who established the law can make exceptions."

Catholics, of course, think it mere folly for anyone to tamper with Trinitarian elements in the Creed, but mention of doubt about the Virgin Mary rallies them to her defense. Something deeper than sentiment is involved.

God favored mankind when He chose to come into the world through a woman's womb. In a sense, however, He made Himself vulnerable by that very favor; slighting of His Mother could be the stealing of a march against Him. This thought at the crib comes like the peal of a warning bell amid the Christmas chimes.

American Aid to British Guiana

DURING A VISIT to the United States, I have found, not surprisingly, that there are considerable misgivings about the granting of aid by the U.S. government to Dr. Cheddi Jagan's government in British Guiana, through fear that the money may be used simply to build up a Communist regime there.

There is, however, another side to the story which has caused me publicly to express the hope that U.S. aid *will* be given—and there is probably no one more anxious than myself to avoid the setting up of a Communist regime in British Guiana.

Fear that the money will be misused is not well founded. There is in British Guiana a well-established branch of the International Co-operation Administration (ICA) of the United States, which would be able to examine projects on their merits and also to insure that money given would be used only for projects acceptable to the U.S.A.

Work on these projects would be a real help to the inhabitants of a very poor, undeveloped country. Moreover, very few Guianese are Com-

munist, and almost all of them are well disposed to the United States. Dr. Jagan came to power very largely because he was regarded as the hero of his fellow East Indians; despite, and not because of, his Communist sympathies.

But to my mind the most important point is this: to refuse such aid would be the surest way of driving British Guiana into the Russian economic system; and if this came about, the country would be caught in an economic vise from which it could not hope to escape. Douglas Hyde, the Catholic ex-Communist, has warned how great today can be the danger of such "economic subversion," from which it is only a step to political domination by Russia.

Finally, Dr. Jagan's government is facing far more difficulties than most people realize. These difficulties include the threat of increased unemployment; opposition from the rice producers; lack of support in the towns; and, above all, resistance on the part of the East Indians—through whose support he came to power—to the principles of economic socialism for which he has declared himself.

✠R. L. GUILLY, S.J.
Bishop of Georgetown
British Guiana

BISHOP GUILLY wrote this statement of his country's needs on the occasion of a visit to AMERICA's offices on December 9.

WASHINGTON FRONT

What Are We Doing in the Congo?

THE WASHINGTON *Evening Star* concluded a recent editorial on the United Nations operation in the Congo with these comments: "The heart of this strange performance is whether our own country really knows where it is going and how it expects to get there. For our part, we doubt it."

More and more people in Washington seem to share the *Star's* doubts. Yet there has been no public debate of the issue since Sen. Thomas E. Dodd criticized earlier efforts of the UN to subdue Katanga. Furthermore, there has been no substantial statement from the Administration to explain why our country gives its backing to the venture.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk dealt with the matter briefly at a news conference the other day. His statements left all the major questions unexplored. He stated that the goal of the UN is not to conquer Katanga or to "impose a particular political solution." Indeed, we in the United States have no "blueprint for the Congo up our sleeves." The goal is to end secession and consolidate the country "under a stable government which will be able to pursue freely the true national interests of the Congolese." This, he said, has to be done to prevent anarchy and civil war, which might open the country to a Communist takeover.

Even assuming that there is a way of discovering the "true national interests" of a country that is at best only a geographical unit, it is difficult to see how weakening

pro-Western leaders, while leaving pro-Communist leaders untouched, advances those interests. And this action surely will help determine the political solution that will be made in the Congo.

United Nations spokesmen have not been convincing in their justifications. In September the UN moved against Tshombe because the central government threatened to invade his province. Now the UN talks of defending UN communications. It also claims it found a battle plan for an attack on UN troops, but it has failed to produce the plan in spite of a request from Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, that it do so. UN leaders further argue the need to remove a couple of hundred mercenaries who presumably are the core of the problem in Katanga.

Actually, the United Nations is acting in pursuance of a November Security Council resolution—a resolution that Ambassador Stevenson supported "with greatest reluctance." His reluctance grew out of the fact that the Soviet Union vetoed amendments authorizing UN action against Gizenga as well as Tshombe. We are acting, therefore, under a resolution that the Russians believe suits their purposes better than ours. And yet we, not the Soviets, are footing the bill.

If there is a justification for this curious state of affairs, the Administration should make it known. To fail to do so will only add to the ranks of those skeptical of the whole venture.

HOWARD PENNIMAN

ON ALL HORIZONS

BLESSED EVENT • A newcomer among Catholic magazines is *Child and Family*, the successor of *Child-Family Digest*. The new quarterly is dedicated to "the total health of children" and published by St. Meinrad Archabbey, St. Meinrad, Ind. (\$4 a year).

HELP WANTED • The Military Ordinate recently specified its need for Catholic chaplains: for the Army, 250; for the Navy, 64; for the Air Force, 62.

RECOGNITION • Rev. Cyril Vollert, S.J., for 22 years professor at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kan., is the 1961 recipient of the Cardinal Spellman

Award of the Catholic Theological Society of America. Fr. Vollert reviews books and writes articles for *AMERICA*.

FREE LOAN • A half-hour film (16 mm.) in color, *The Other Side of the Coin*, produced for the Office of Spanish Catholic Action of the Archdiocese of New York, shows the hardships that beset a typical Puerto Rican couple coming to a mainland city. Now available for free loan (451 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.).

WORLD JUSTICE • That is the name of an international Catholic quarterly now just one year old. Published in two

editions, one English and the other multilingual, the quarterly's aim is to create a science of international social justice (96 Avenue des Alliés, Louvain, Belgium: \$6 a year).

COLLEGE CONTEST • A first prize of \$300 and a second of \$200 will be awarded to winners in Holy Cross College's *Translatio Studii* contest. Deadline: April 1, 1962. Subject: "St. Augustine's Educational Program, the Old and the New," with the *De Doctrina Christiana* as basic text. Registration (by Jan. 20) and details from Rev. Joseph M.-F. Marique, S.J., Holy Cross College, Worcester 10, Mass. W. Q.

Editorials

"Wild" Christmas

GROWN-UPS ARE often too jaded and preoccupied to have the grasp on Christmas that children enjoy. Imagine, then, how tickled we were the other day, as we were wrestling with thoughts for a Christmas editorial, to receive a neatly penciled manuscript, plainly in a child's convent-trained hand and unimpeachably vouched for as authentic. It came from the nation's heartland, St. Louis, and was signed "Liz." Let young Liz Forrestal's poem serve, unedited, as our Christmas text:

*I love the Virgin Mary
She is so nice and mild
She's kind to every person,
Including every child.
I wish I lived in those days
When things were not so wild,
When Joseph was her husband
And Jesus was her child.*

It took the fresh discernment of an nine-year-old to focus just the right adjective on our troublous times. For whatever else they may be, things today appear pre-eminently "wild," and we can't blame Liz for wishing she lived in happier days. In fact, we started to add "and so do we." But, after a number of years spent in the study of God's word, we are probably expected to have something better to offer Liz as she faces her first pang of metaphysical anguish.

"Time is of the essence," one often hears, and, in another sense, time does lie at the root of much of our distress. So many human joys are blunted, and so many griefs are sharpened by time. We hate to let go of past gaiety; we grieve to see yesteryear's snows melt. However, just as we oldsters catch ourselves wishing we could return to the unclouded Christmases of childhood, suddenly we are confronted by a child who, not content with childhood, also wants to go back to less unhappy times.

But, Liz, must we go back? Christmas, to us Christians, is really not like the Fourth of July—a stirring, uplifting commemoration of something that happened a long time ago. Our Christ-filled holy days are not mere anniversaries; if they were, we should rightly dream of going back to the real event. But our faith gives us more than a wistful homesickness for "once upon a time." In the Holy Father's words, the Church's feasts are "not cold, lifeless representations of past happenings, nor are they simple remembrances." They are ever so much more, for in them we actually have "Christ Himself Who is ever living in His work."

While our blessed Saviour is present in every Mass, we meet him afresh at every feast in still another mys-

tery of His redeeming work. Thus, in the Christmas Mass, we have the first Christmas again present, quite really, if not quite visibly. The warm little manger where you lovingly find Him, Liz, is only a reminder of His fuller presence that you know by faith. At our Christmas Mass He is with us, close to us, saving us. And if He is near, His Mother—"so nice and mild" and "kind to every person, including every child"—cannot be far away. Whatever may happen, Liz, you have reminded us that we must not be afraid. For, with them near us, maybe the times are not really so wild as they seem.

Plight of the Refugees

ONE SOMETIMES wonders what name a distant historian will confer on this troubled century of ours. Will youngsters of a far-off day be taught to remember us as creatures of the thermonuclear age? Or will a label on the chronicler's chart tab us as men of the era of space exploration? Either of these names conveys something of the drama of our times. Yet there is another designation that equally well characterizes and, in a sense, even more fully reveals the human factor in our contemporary historical equation. For the age is, to a degree hitherto unknown, that of the homeless and displaced—the century of the refugee.

A recent act of the Holy See dramatically testified to the truth of this sad fact. For decades, Vatican agencies have concerned themselves with the lot of those left homeless by natural disasters, war or political turbulence. In line with this policy of Christian charity, a delegate of the Holy See signed the Geneva Convention on the Status of Refugees in 1952. For practical reasons, however, the Vatican chose to restrict its cooperation with the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees to efforts on behalf of refugees in Europe. At the time, as Msgr. Costante Maltoni, the Vatican's delegate to UNHCR, recently explained, "the Holy See hoped that the objectives of the convention would have been sufficiently achieved through the solution of these refugee problems." History, however, gave the lie to such hopes. "Unfortunately, . . . the number of refugees in the world has increased rather than decreased and . . . increasingly more human beings have sought the benefits of the Geneva convention."

The work of the UN's High Commissioner is, of course, only a small part of the total effort being made to help the world's homeless people. For some, the immediate problem is to obtain official status which will entitle them to at least temporary residence in a land outside the country they have been forced to leave. Others stand in desperate need of food, clothing or shelter. In each case, however, they depend on the sense of justice and charity of governments, voluntary agencies and the private citizens who support them.

Inevitably, the question arises as to when we may expect an end to the demands for aid to the refugee. In some instances, old problems appear to be encouragingly close to a final solution. During the first half of

1961, for example, the UNHCR reports that seven refugee camps in Europe were closed. As Felix Schnyder, the present High Commissioner, explained in a recent report to the UN General Assembly, "the integration of refugees in countries of asylum in Europe had already been greatly facilitated in the past year by the favorable economic position in Europe." Now the commission expects shortly to close out the basic program of material assistance to refugees in that part of the world.

At the same time, however, problems emerge or grow worse in other quarters. Thirteen years after the Arab-Israeli war, there are over one million Arab refugees from what is now Israeli territory. Moreover, in the wake of recent turmoil in Angola, more than 148,000 refugees have poured into the Congo in the period since March of 1961. In addition, Morocco and Tunisia now number 300,000 refugees from Algeria within their borders. If we add to these totals the Chinese refugees in various corners of the Far East, the Tibetans exiled in Nepal, the 50,000 Laotians who have had to flee their homes, the tally of wretchedness and human misery may be seen to extend around the globe.

Why, one may ask, bother to rehearse these sad details in this holiday season? The answer, of course, is to be found in an event that took place long ago on a hillside near Bethlehem—the same event we commemorate at this time. No man can divorce himself from the divine drama that took place there. And no one can disclaim responsibility for the human dramas being enacted in refugee camps scattered across the earth today. The birthday of the Prince of Peace, born amid poverty two thousand years ago, necessarily brings to mind the sad plight of those so much less fortunate than ourselves. At such a moment, men and nations alike do well to ponder the contemporary implications of those merciful words of the Saviour: "I was a stranger and you took me in."

Legality of Federal Aid

THE NCWC Legal Department has rendered a great service by the publication of its study, *The Constitutionality of the Inclusion of Church-Related Schools in Federal Aid to Education*. This is not just another tree in an already overgrown forest of controversial literature. By its comprehensiveness, serenity and concern for the national welfare, it towers far above its neighbors. Like the memorandum on the same subject issued late last March by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Legal Department study is a carefully constructed legal argument. Unlike the HEW memorandum, it manifests a sincere concern for the rights of all parties involved: parents, children, teachers, civil society and the various religious and secular organizations.

The Legal Department study also derives special status from its source. The department is the principal agency of the Catholic bishops in the United States for the resolution of the Church's legal problems. Any document issuing from such a source necessarily has an

official character. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to construe this study as a definitive and irrefutable statement on the constitutional problem.

As William R. Considine, director of the Legal Department, makes clear in the preface to the study, its purpose is to clarify constitutional issues, to bring about a more widespread recognition of the massive contribution of church-related and other private nonprofit schools to the common welfare, and to stimulate further intellectual interest on the part of lawyers and educators. The study does not claim to be what no document could be, the official Catholic position on the Constitution. What the Constitution means is for the Supreme Court, not the Church, to decide.

It will be surprising to many that the study explicitly disclaims any discussion of the constitutionality of Federal aid to religious instruction. What the study supports is the constitutionality of a limited inclusion of church-related and other private nonprofit schools in comprehensive programs of Federal aid to education: limited, that is, to the extent that these schools provide "basic citizens education." As we understand the phrase, it means the kinds of knowledge and training which the States require and permit in public schools.

The fact that children attending church-related schools also learn religion and the religious dimensions of secular knowledge is, as the study insists, an addition, not a subtraction. In a pluralistic society, the study emphasizes, both public nonsectarian schools and private nonprofit schools, including church-related institutions, have irreplaceable roles.

The study does not explain why it does not discuss the constitutionality of Federal aid to religious instruction. Good reasons, however, are not hard to find. There is no practical political possibility of such support. Neither is there much hope that the present Supreme Court would sustain such legislation. Most important of all, the only way in which the churches can hope to retain full control of religious instruction is by persuading their members to keep paying for it themselves.

The section entitled "Permissible Forms of Aid" is unquestionably the most original part of the study. Last March the Catholic bishops suggested long-term, low-interest loans as a perfectly constitutional form of aid to education in church-related schools. This suggestion received Administration support, so far as "special educational facilities" and "physical development facilities" are concerned, in the HEW memorandum of June 27, 1961. Now the NCWC Legal Department study sustains the constitutionality not only of such loans, but also of matching grants, scholarships, tuition payments and tax benefits. Other constitutional forms, states the study, "will doubtless be conceived."

The study commends itself by its articulate scholarship to the serious consideration of everyone concerned with Federal aid to education. We congratulate Mr. Considine, its architect, and William Ball, Esq., of Harrisburg, Pa., its principal author. We hope the discussion their labors have spurred will continue on the same high level of the study's logic, learning and love of liberty.

The Symbol-Makers

Ernan McMullin

MAN is above all a curious animal. Uncomfortably situated somewhere between the two great realms of matter and spirit, he has enough matter to tie him down and enough spirit to make him unhappy about it. And he is curious in another sense, too—curious to know, to *understand* the situation in which he finds himself. It is this inexhaustible gift of wonder that has given rise to all the greatest achievements of the human mind: theology, philosophy, science—all different ways of understanding the things that are.

But understanding is a laborious business. It is not just that it is hard work in which the freshness of that wonder with which the child looks out at his unpredictable world tends somehow to get lost. Nor is it just that understanding is so easily hindered by prejudice and swayed by passion.

No, understanding is laborious above all because we must ourselves forge the instruments of our search. Our principal instruments of inquiry, words, seem to come to us ready-made. Yet, like many other ready-made things, they do not fit very well, and this is where the trouble begins.

Words and their meanings have been shaped and buffeted by the accidents of human history; there is no such thing as a perfect language, one whose distinctions perfectly mirror the reality of which I wish to speak. I have to use vague words, words with a sort of fuzziness about them, words with many different meanings. I have to use words in new senses or even coin entirely new ones, when I don't find anything appropriate at hand. Since the very evidence from which my quest begins must be stated in language, my very *starting point* may be difficult to articulate and, therefore, to understand.

But if we want to push beyond our starting point—and this we must do if we are to understand anything more than a very small corner of space and time—we need symbols that are far more complicated than words are. They may be made up of words, like the poem that helps me understand a little more of man's loneliness or his exaltation. Or they might be made up of abstruse algebraic signs that help a physicist gain a single complex insight into a molecule or a telephone circuit. Symbols such as these stretch out to all corners of the

universe and pull in its inmost strands for my wondering inspection. But constructing them is hard work, the work of generations, an unending work. What does it require? Well, patience, of course, and genius at times; help, maybe, when the matter gets too difficult.

We know more today than our forefathers did about the striking differences between the different families of symbols. We are no better than they at *creating* new symbols—not as good, perhaps—but we are much more self-conscious than they about the ways in which such symbols are made, the controls one must use, and so on. For a moment, then, we can allow our minds to go back in time, three or four thousand years, to let us see the symbol-maker of that day at his work. He had little to draw on, no instruments to extend his reach in space, no written records to give him a foothold in time past—only a deep and sure knowledge of what was in man, his greatness and his littleness, his virtues and his vices.

So it was of man the poet sang; it was in the likeness of man that the worshiper made his gods; it was with manlike spirits that the inquirer peopled his heavens and his earth. These were the symbols he could understand and manipulate. They gave him the great epics of Odysseus and Ossian; they filled his folklore with powerful, mythlike accounts of God's dealings with man, and of men with one another.

They gave little insight, however, into nature, where the seasonal regularities seemed to have an eternity far removed from any human caprice. And so a different sort of symbol-making began, very slowly; one that required patient observation of the regular courses of star and season and the creation of new symbols to count and chart them. This was the beginning of what we have come to call "natural science," but three thousand years would pass before it developed beyond purely descriptive symbols to the powerful explanatory "theories" of Newton and Boyle.

In the meantime, however, two other very important developments were taking place. In the bright sunlight of Greece, men were for the first time beginning to put ambitious questions like: What is the best form of government? How can truth be eternal, since all things seem to pass away? Where can a compelling basis be found for codes of human conduct?

You will notice that these questions have much in common. They are *reflective*, that is, they ask us to reflect upon our immediate experience and analyze it carefully; and they are *critical*, that is, they force us to evaluate assumptions we have been hitherto making

FR. McMULLIN, who teaches the philosophy of science at the University of Notre Dame, wrote "Science and the Catholic Tradition" in *AMERICA* (12/12/59), now published in pamphlet form by the America Press.

about what is so or what is best. Questions like these we call "philosophical." They are difficult to answer because of the complexity of the symbols they involve. The philosopher has no special sources of evidence open to him; he takes the loose-knit terms of our everyday usage, terms like "perceive" and "substance" and "change," and tries to unite them in a coherent and tightly organized structure in order to make our experience as a whole more intelligible to us. The quest of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle can be seen on the one hand as a quest for the symbolic forms, the definitions, the rules of logical inference they needed and, on the other, as the patient and penetrating analysis of what we know and how we know in terms of these forms.

On the other side of the Mediterranean something very different was happening during these centuries. There was a small obscure people there, a desert people who knew little of science or of philosophy, yet who claimed a special knowledge of the most important subject of all, God. This knowledge, they said, God had given directly to them through the mouths of their prophets. He let them know about Himself, about His creation of all that is, about the origins of the human race, about the rules by which He wished human conduct to be governed, about the very special destiny He had assigned to them as a people.

This message was conveyed to them in the simple unsophisticated symbols of their everyday usage, the only language in which the prophets themselves could think or be understood. Sometimes they used more elaborate symbols: metaphors, parables, and the like, which abounded in the folk literature of that day as a means of teaching where simple words failed. But God had no special language whereby He could communicate to men, and so His message was hard to penetrate sometimes, not only because God is so far beyond our understanding, but also because the human symbols in which He had to speak were so inadequate for what He had to say.

Then in the fullness of time, Christ, the Son of God, came among men and, for a few short years, spoke to them of the things of God. He was the Word of God,



the perfect symbol of the Father. Whoever knew Him, knew the Father too. He came to bring not only knowledge but also redemption. His life and death were meant to save and not just to instruct. He left behind Him a new knowledge of the mysteries of God, a new message of hope to the simple and the sinful and the suffering, and a small handful of dedicated men were to carry that message into all the world. Such was the power of the gospel story that the Word of God struck a chord in every heart that opened itself to His love.

As the years went by, people talked over that fa-

miliar story from all angles. They asked what Christ had meant when He said that the Father and He were one, or when He said over the bread at the Last Supper: "This is my Body." Man cannot help asking questions like these; he wants to *understand* to the best of his powers. In trying to answer such questions, terms like "person" and "nature" and "substance" had to be introduced and defined. And so the philosopher's help had to be enlisted, since, as we have seen, he is the professional when it comes to the analysis and criticism of complicated common symbols.

This collaboration between theologian and philosopher is seen in the works of great thinkers like St. Augustine, in whom Plato speaks to the problems of Christianity, and St. Thomas Aquinas, who brought the wealth of Aristotle's philosophical insights to the formation of a Christian world view. St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica* is like a single vast symbol in which all he knew of God and man is organized in a powerful unity. He knew, none better, that the methods followed by the theologian and the philosopher, the sorts of evidence they relied upon, were quite different from one another. But he saw that there could, and should, be some communication of terminology and insights, some utilization by the theologian of the wisdom concerning God and human nature that the philosopher had been able to glean unaided.

THE DOMAINS of God and man were explored, in so far as the imperfection of human symbols and the weakness of the symbol-maker permitted. But how about the third great domain, that of nature? There, little was known and that little was filled out by symbols drawn from the Bible or from the philosophers of Greece. The images of Dante's great medieval panorama, *The Divine Comedy*, come about equally from the two. Looking back on it, it is easy to see why this should have been so. The Bible speaks little of nature; its aim is not, as the theologians knew perfectly well, to give us a science of nature. Yet some of the authority it enjoyed in the things of God inevitably rubbed off on its passing references to the motion of the sun or the waters above the heavens, simply because there was no physical science there to act as a corrective in these matters.

Now, let us take a leap forward in time and ask about the situation in this regard today. Three centuries of careful observation and endless theorizing have given us an insight into nature that our forefathers could scarcely have dreamed of. We have found the secret of constructing ever more complex scientific symbols, symbols that give not only understanding but great power as well. Power commands attention, and the attention of mankind, alternately anxious and triumphant, is today fixed on the works of science. So great is the magic of the scientific symbol that by comparison older symbols tend to look pale and drab.

It is this, far more than any actual conflict, that has led so many to describe the relationship between science and religion as one of tension. It is true that

(Continued on p. 418)

A Message from the Holy Father



Dal Vaticano, 11 November 17, 1961

No. 2471/FA

Dear Reverend Father,

The Sovereign Pontiff has entrusted to me the honored duty of informing you that He has received from the Reverend Robert Tucci, S.J., the two copies of "America" (November 4, 1961), which you have wished to bring to His attention.

His Holiness bids me say that He was deeply touched by the contents and presentation of this issue of your publication, for He sees therein a striking evidence of devoted loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. He wishes me to give expression to His warm gratitude, and, as a pledge of abiding divine assistance in your work, He imparts to you and to the editors and staff of "America" His paternal Apostolic Benediction.

As a further mark of His benevolence, the Holy Father has instructed me to send you the enclosed portrait which He has graciously deigned to autograph for you.

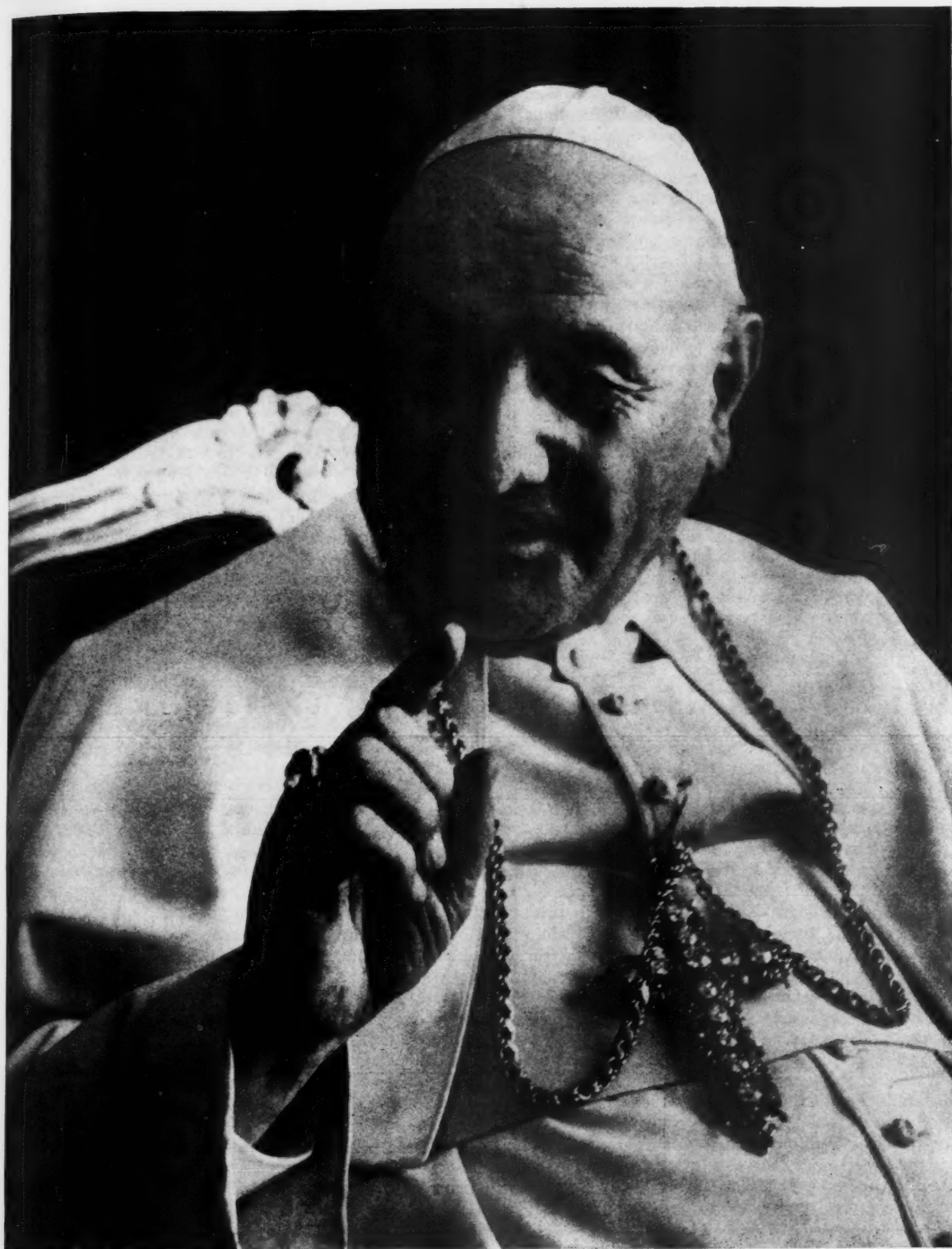
With sentiments of high esteem and cordial regard, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

A. L. Kard. Cicognani

Reverend Thurston N. Davis, S.J.,
Editor-in-Chief,
"America",
329 West 108th Street,
New York, 25, N.Y.

(Enclosure)



John XXIII
88
5-11-1963

(Continued from p. 415)

scientists and theologians have come in sharp conflict in a few (actually in surprisingly few) instances. But these were due to the inevitable clash between a new mode of understanding and an old, and they are, for the most part, resolved today. It is clear to us now that the ways of describing natural events used by the biblical writers were simply those familiar to the people of their time, and no further significance than this is to be attached to them. This still leaves one domain of possible dispute, man himself, his nature and origin, toward the understanding of which theology, philosophy and science must work together in an easily upset harmony. Such collaboration demands mutual respect and understanding, a feeling for the special character of the other's procedures and types of evidence.

Before the advent of modern science, theologians were faced with a serious problem. There seemed to be some reason to suppose that the earth's history had been very short, a matter of some thousands of years. If this were so, then each of the diverse natural kinds of animal, vegetable and mineral, of nebula, star and planet, would have needed a separate act of creation on God's part, a whole series of "interventions," as it were, and creation itself would have lacked any complete inner causal plan. This was hard to reconcile with the Christian notion of God as an all-wise Creator, and of crea-

tion itself as a single timeless act, in which all that nature needed was given it. St. Augustine, for one, went to great pains to try to effect this reconciliation with his theory of the "seeds" that contained within themselves the potentialities of the future.

Today science has resolved this problem by showing beyond doubt the immense age of the universe, and suggesting ways in which the different natural kinds may have evolved from the original desolation. This has proved a great, though sometimes unrecognized, contribution to Christian theology: God does not have to keep filling gaps in the scale of being. We know Him not so much through special interventions of this sort as through His total support of all that is. We reach Him by meditating on the fact that the universe is when it might not have been, rather than on particular aspects of what it is. As science continues to explain formerly unexplained features of the universe, nature itself comes to take on more and more the unity and intelligibility that we would expect in the work of an all-wise God.

We have come a long way from the symbols of Homer and the early Hebrews. It would be a tragedy if the power and beauty of our new-found scientific symbols should blind us to the truth that the Word of God came once for all on earth to bring us a truth that saves, but one that demands a faith rooted in integrity and humility.

The Human Touch in Politics

Francis Canavan

LIKE ANY OTHER town of a respectable size, Jersey City has its quota of James Joyce types—graduates of Jesuit colleges who have lost their faith. Jake O'Connor, the central character in Thomas J. Fleming's new novel, *All Good Men* (Doubleday, \$4.95), is one of these. The burden of Mr. Fleming's story is how young O'Connor, having lost all sense of meaning and purpose in life, finds his soul again in, of all places, the late Frank Hague's political machine.

Others, better qualified, may discuss the novel's literary merits. They may well conclude, too, that the book's portrayal of dubiously relevant and clearly sensational "private-life" incidents makes it unsuitable reading for the family circle. I can only say that Mr. Fleming's description of politics as practiced in Frank Hague's barony on the Hudson is thorough and accurate. To be sure, he never names the city in which his story takes place. But it is clearly, unmistakably Jersey City under the thinnest of disguises. Even the Bickford's cafeteria

on Journal Square (under the fictional name of Garden Square), where the political hacks hang out, is there.

The leading politicians of the Hague era are also there, despite the conventional declaration that "all of the characters in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons is purely coincidental." Mr. Fleming stretches coincidence pretty far.

Many of the characters are true only to type, of course. But the novel's Mayor David Shea looks, dresses, talks and acts like Mayor Frank Hague. Shea's lieutenant, Johnny Kenellen, does for him what Johnny Malone did for Hague. Matty Blair, the ward leader who organizes a revolt against Shea, in 1951, does not look like John V. Kenny. Prudence no doubt dictated lack of physical resemblance in this instance, for Mr. Kenny is still very much with us and enjoys the services of some good lawyers. But Mr. Kenny led a successful revolt against Hague, in 1949, very similar to Matty Blair's.

The political skulduggery, which Mr. Fleming describes in rich detail, is also true to life. Shea's organization does nothing in the novel which the Hague organization did not do in reality, if one can believe

FR. CANAVAN, S.J., whose *"The Revolution That Failed"* (7/1/61) told of Jersey City politics, here treats again of that incomparable city.

people who were in a position to know. Mr. Fleming's chief interest is in Jake O'Connor's dark night of the soul. But in the course of his story he writes a primer of the dark and devious ways in which the Hague machine maintained itself in power in Jersey City for 30 years.

The novelistic device by which the author does this is to have Jake's father, Ben O'Connor, fall ill on the eve of the 1951 election. Ben is Shea's leader in the 13th Ward (there were only 12 wards in Hague's Jersey City). Since Ben cannot do all of his work from a hospital bed, he is forced to ask Jake to take over some of his political chores.

Jake's first assignment requires him to drive to another part of the State, where he bribes a rural police chief to quash a charge of car stealing against the son of one of Ben's constituents. I have been told that Mayor Hague kept a fund with which to buy off State legislators who were opposing bills that Hague considered favorable to Hudson County. As the man who told me this explained, Hague was like Richelieu, who did not let his conscience interfere with his duty to his country.

Jake also calls on the director of the city museum to force him to make a public retraction of his declaration of support for Matty Blair. Because he threatens to reveal that the director has been embezzling museum funds, Jake succeeds.

Another visit takes him to the home of a city policeman who has refused to pay the five per cent of his salary which all city employees are required to contribute to the Shea campaign fund. (Today, according to Mr. Jack Deegan, campaign manager of the Kenny organization, civil service employees are only invited, but not compelled, to contribute. The world grows soft.) In this instance Jake ends up agreeing to pay half of the policeman's kickback for him. Later, when the policeman comes out openly in favor of Matty Blair, the organization puts him on the "merry-go-round"—a system of constant transfers designed to break a recalcitrant cop's resistance.

Jake also has the job of collecting the regular contributions which gamblers make to the organization in return for the privilege of operating in violation of the law. But there are no contributions from the vice racket. Dave Shea, like Frank Hague, runs a clean town.

The novel describes or alludes to a number of other political techniques, including the mass buying of votes on election day. Accusations of vote buying are still hurled back and forth in Jersey City, and I have heard the practice justified on the ground that some people won't vote at all unless you pay them, and, besides, if you don't, the other side will. Not that the voters always stay bought when they have collected their money. A disgusted politician remarked to me just last May: "The patron saint of Jersey City is Judas Iscariot!"

But enough said on this subject. All of the devices mentioned in the novel add up to a well-designed system for getting and keeping political power. The system worked for a long time in Jersey City. Although the old monolithic control is gone now, some features of the system are in use there still.

Mr. Fleming describes the Shea organization's methods with unsparing objectivity. But he does not condemn the men who devised and used them. Quite the contrary. He feels, and makes us agree, that Ben O'Connor, master of corrupt politics, is none the less a responsible leader of his people.

Ben O'Connor, in fact, has a heart of gold. His methods are crude, sometimes ruthless, but he has the human touch. And he uses his power for his people's welfare as he understands it. Nor is this unbelievable. One can meet ward leaders in Jersey City today who, whether or not they have all of Ben O'Connor's faults, have many of his virtues. In one way or another, they are all good men. People vote for political machines quite as much out of gratitude and loyalty as out of greed and fear.

Universal suffrage gives political power to the poor. What the poor want from their political leaders is kindness and protection against a hard and hostile world. They are not interested in "good government," especially when good government means lower taxes for property owners and a reduction in social services.

THE TRUTH is that an honest, efficient government is a middle-class ideal. This can attract the voters in the suburbs. But in a city where the poor are numerous, it is impossible to win elections with these ideals alone. The reformer's problem is to convince the urban masses that good government will do as much for them as corrupt government and will do it better.

But when all this has been said to explain why the machines flourished for so long, it still remains true that political corruption really does corrupt. The habit of the pay-off and the fix have corrupted not only public officials but whole citizenries, and not least in Jersey City. When criminal charges (and parking tickets) can be fixed, only fools obey laws. When officials expect pay-offs for performing their public duties, they drive honest businessmen out of town or keep them from coming in. A politics of "fix and favor" may mean that almost everyone gets something, frequently under the illusion that he is getting it for nothing. But the effect on the city as a whole is likely to be catastrophic.

It is not the fault of Frank Hague alone that Jersey City looks like a vast slum. The economic and social forces which brought about that condition would have operated if Hague had never lived. But this much can be laid at Hague's door: the political tradition he established in Jersey City has prevented anything effective being done to counteract the city's decay.

"Man acts upon adequate motives relative to his interest," Edmund Burke said. This is the truth which political machines have known and which reformers have often overlooked. People vote in accordance with their own interests, as they see them. For a long time Frank Hague knew how his people saw their interests. But, in fact, the well-being of the whole city is the interest of everyone living in it. Machine politicians have seldom cared to educate the people to that truth.

Another truth which the machines have ignored is

that democracy is more a matter of procedure than of substance. What governments do is far more important, of course, than how they do it. But a democratic government is one in which men get and use power in accordance with democratic procedures. If the procedures are violated, the government ceases to be democratic, whatever its other merits may be.

A politician who does not respect the election laws or tolerate political dissent does not love democracy, no matter how much he may love the poor. A genuine respect for democracy requires a certain degree of willingness to lose an election. Political organizations exist to win elections, obviously—but not by any means and at any cost.

The Frank Hagues and Dave Sheas who fought their way out of the slums two or three generations ago learned politics in a hard school. When they played politics or any other game, they played only to win. This attitude was understandable, given their background, and was in line with American tradition. As a nation we are characterized by grim competitiveness. We have never shown the same respect for the Marquis of Queensberry's rules that the British have.

But still, if we value the freedom which the rules of political democracy are meant to protect, we must admit that, except in extreme cases, the rules are more important than winning an election. A political organization which consistently corrupts the democratic process by bribery and intimidation is destroying our political system and our freedom with it.

There remains the question of the Church. One cannot talk about Jersey City without talking about the Catholic Church; three out of four of the city's residents are at least nominally Catholic. In a curious way, despite a lot of anticlerical dialogue, the Church gets off rather easily in this novel.

Mr. Fleming presents for our admiration Msgr. Patrick O'Keefe, a tough, old-fashioned Irish pastor in whose parish Ben O'Connor spent his youth. The Monsignor understood his people. He knew, too, that a ward leader must often do things he does not like doing and which will not bear close moral scrutiny. The Monsignor was no political prude.

For our disdain we are presented with Ben O'Connor's other son, Fr. Paul O'Connor. This weak and prissy young man turns against his father and the Shea organization and openly supports Matty Blair's political revolt.

But surely this contrast of clerical types is a bit too neat. It is perfectly true that the Church has to stand above partisan political strife and that, therefore, priests

should not publicly support candidates for civic office. But is there nothing more to say than that? Is our choice only between Msgr. O'Keefe and Fr. O'Connor?

Political speeches are indeed out of place in the pulpit. But sermons on such texts as "Thou shalt not steal" are quite in order, and a well-informed preacher, without naming names, can make sufficiently plain the kind of stealing he is talking about. If he wants people to respect the Church, he had better face the elementary issues of morals and politics. For when churchmen sit quietly in the midst of corruption and occasionally enjoy some tidbits from its feast, they invite—and get—contempt.

CONTEMPT and its effect, shame, played a part in the fall of the Shea machine, as Mr. Fleming notes. The New Deal dealt a blow to the political machines everywhere in the country by furnishing as welfare services much of what the machines had conferred as favors. But even without the welfare state, the Irish politicians who dominated the great metropolitan centers would probably have found that their supporters were growing old, and their sons and daughters were growing ashamed of them and their political organization.

The descendants of the immigrants are becoming middle-class. More and more they share the middle-class political ideal. They crave, if not absolute honesty in government, at least respectability.

The machine politicians whom their parents and grandparents loved and feared had their virtues. One may doubt, too, whether those virtues are practiced any better by the liberal reformers who, in many places (though not yet in Jersey City), have succeeded them in power. Nevertheless, Dave Shea, and Ben O'Connor with him, are *passé*. As for Frank Hague, he is dead, and we shall not see his like again.

Even "Honey Fitz" could probably not win the mayoralty of Boston today. Irish-American politicians can still win elections. But today their name is Kennedy, and they speak of the national interest in a Harvard accent.

Mr. Fleming knows all this. His novel is a drama of conflict and reconciliation between the generations. By the story's end, the older generation has learned to give way to the new, and the younger generation has learned to give the old the measure of affection and respect which is its due. Jake O'Connor is on the way to discovering the love of God through the love of his father. He is also planning to launch his own political career in a new and better style than his father ever knew.

Unfortunately, the reader is left with some doubt whether Jake's style will be new enough. The old family, ethnic and religious loyalties that, very understandably, motivated immigrant politics are simply not adequate for municipal government today. The needs of a modern city are too great and too pressing to be met by politicians whose chief merit is that they believe in "taking care" of people. The human touch is an endearing Irish trait. But the modern city needs something better than the human touch alone.



Home for Christmas

Sally Leighton

WE BURIED mother Christmas Eve. The funeral cortege wound its way through icy city streets, headlights piercing the gray day, picking up the glitter of tinsel strung from street poles. Passers-by gravely ducked their heads as they caught the eyes of mourners staring bemused at the passing scene.

"How sad," one could hear them think, "how sad to have a death at Christmas."

Counting funeral cars is perhaps one of the most wistful forms of pride practiced by the race. We in the mourners' cars were not above it. As far as the eye could see, twin yellow lights followed us, snaking through the traffic, purple-stickered car windshields proclaiming the right to run red lights. "City street lights, even stop lights, blink a bright red and green..." as the mourners go home with their treasure. Home. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—is home for the body a hole in the ground?

All in the wheeled procession knew that the tears in our hearts, for the tired frame that would be laid to rest, did not prevent that strange feeling of exultation bubbling through the mist. Calmly observing the coffin in the hearse before us, our spirits lifted at the certainty, "She is risen; she is not here." How odd it seemed that this clear insight should come over the body of a mother, when it had failed to penetrate at the deaths of those less near. It did not seem cold or cruel to return her body to the earth from which it was made.

Halting in the cemetery, we alighted quietly to cross the ice-encrusted snow on the imitation grass carpet put down to mask the relentless chill of the elements. The grave lay open before us, soft clods of earth slipping out from beneath the rug overlaying the somber rectangle. Here was hint of the promise of spring which lay deep in the ground, untouched by the cold finger of death that had laid waste all signs of the teeming life which could only burst forth once again in its season.

Elderly friends, nursing weakened hearts and stiffening joints, regretfully kept to autos pulled as close to the scene as possible. Younger folk, nieces and nephews, friends of mother's children, slipped and slid through tombstones decked with silver bells and green wreaths, red ribbons and Christmas roses. They it was

who wept, whose faces were rough and pink with chapping tears in the raw wind. Their mother-friend was gone. They did not feel her closer, as did the family, but farther away.

The old, huddled silently in cars with motors running and exhaust pipes steaming, had already made shift with an acceptance of death, and were only taking ordinary precautions against hastening its timely arrival. The very young were enjoying an outing, a trip to the cemetery seeming little different from any other excursion. For the young adults death was still an unthinkable wrench, an inscrutable separation. No longer could they run down to Aunt Marv's for a Sunday pick-up supper and a friendly visit. The house was there, but the home was gone—and after so many years, so quickly!

Was that a bishop starting the blessing at the grave? Yes, a bishop, flanked by monsignors and many, many just plain "Fathers."

The church had been graced this Christmas Eve morn with two hundred priests and many religious brothers, friends and confreres of mother's two living sons, one a priest, the other a teaching brother. The vaulted beauty of the brothers' Gregorian *requiem* Mass rose solemnly above the body of the granddaughter of a coal miner, wife of an insurance salesman, housewife and mother of twelve. Many of the priests and brothers present had come through her doors to visit and dine, to joke and sing around the old piano kept so many years in the living room, in or out of style. Now a bishop and his retinue had joined them to honor the mother of a priest.

Mother hated sham and pretense; she would love this bow of duty to a friend, would rejoice that the gifts which showered her farewell were spiritual gifts. The promised Masses would mean more to her than the flouziest floral piece that could be had for a few dollars and a phone call.

The faces surrounding the grave seemed to represent a whole lifetime to us in the family, a whole round of points of view with which mother had agreed or disagreed, but had never pretended about. This was no meek and mild woman. She said what she thought, and she formed her own conclusions. Warmth of home and friendly fare she would give, and gladly; the conventional nod to a false argument, she would not. Still, "Aunt Mary" was never forsaken because of her adherence to principle. She expected a lot of people. If they did not measure up, that was their affair. She did not intend to measure down.

SALLY LEIGHTON relaxes from the business of being a housewife and mother of seven by free-lance writing for various magazines and reviews.

"These are my people!" she had laughed, just a week before she died. She was at a Christmas party given by a niece, and was having the time of her 77 years of life being entertained by home talent. ("Young people don't know how to have a good time any more without a highball in one hand and a television knob in the other.") One of the young mothers was holding forth on the pitfalls of helping Junior with his arithmetic, playing to the hilt her gift for the sardonic. This was the kind of honest laughter mother liked, based on neither the broad nor the "sick," but on the typical foibles of humankind.

That love of a laugh came to her even when she lay struggling for oxygen as her heart slowly failed.

"Dear Grandma"—her daughter was reading from a get-well letter sent to the hospital—"this is going pretty far to avoid the drive to our house for Christmas." Grandma smiled, only moments before her death, at the ludicrousness of the situation. She was a realist. She knew she was slipping away from this world, from all the things which had almost seemed too much for her of late. But what she was slipping to she could only know through faith, from Christ's promise: "He who believeth in Me, though he die, yet shall he live. . . . In My Father's house there are many mansions. . . . Behold, I go to prepare a place for you." Yes, she believed this in her spiritual self; yet her flesh protested far less at the thought of a trip to the suburbs ("Why must everybody move so far away?") than at imminent separation from its spirit.

The grandchildren so dear to her—how could she leave them? They seemed the only unmixed blessing in a long and difficult life. They were reminiscent of

the five youngsters of her own family she had buried; they were gone before the faults and failings which were inevitable could begin to show themselves strongly. Did she think of those of her children gone on before her in those last moments? Did she long to see them again, caught up in paradise and calling to her from what she loved to call "that beautiful shore"?

She did not show us her soul, except in a grateful smile for a grandchild's teasing. Then she was gone.

Obsequies over, we left the cemetery with thoughtful mien. Back at the house funeral meats were spread, in a lavish way mother would have approved. The Christmas tree was standing, as she would have wished. ("Once, when my heart was broken over the death of one of the children, I refused to have a tree in the house. I would never do that again.") We lingered an hour or two, then had to rush back to our own homes and families.

We buried mother Christmas Eve, and it gave more meaning to Christmas than we have ever known. Death is sad, but Christ's birth took all the bitterness and finality out of it, and turned defeat into victory. "Long lay the world in sin and error pining, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth." Without His birth, we could not have gathered together next day to have a Christmas dinner, to sing again around the piano the best-loved carols of mother's day and ours, and to meditate on the mystery of sorrow turned into joy.

Of all of us, mother was the only one who was truly home for Christmas. Yet Christmas gives us hope that one day we, too, will have finished our course as well as she, and have come into the promise.

Ora pro nobis, mother. And Merry Christmas!

BOOKS

A Classic of Christian Spirituality

PRAYER

By Hans Urs von Balthasar. Trans. by A. V. Littledale. Sheed & Ward. 246p. \$5

Every once in a while, one picks up a new book that has the quality of a classic about it. Signs vary: it may offer new answers to old questions; it may be notable for getting back to fundamentals; it may tie together all sorts of loose and hitherto seemingly unrelated items in one's knowledge or experience; it may have staying power and wear well through a second reading or even provide fresh insights when one picks it up again for casual browsing; finally, it may be a volume that makes it impossible for you to remain the same person

after reading it. *Prayer* must be accounted a classic by any of these tests.

The outline of the book is simple enough. Fr. Balthasar examines the need for contemplation (his generic term for all types of prayer) and a man's capacity for it; the special role of the Church in an individual's prayer-life; the conditions for effective contemplation or hearing of the word; the objects on which contemplation focuses; the tensions that emerge in contemplative activity as a consequence of the human condition. What makes *Prayer* outstanding is the way in which these familiar topics are treated.

The basic sources to which the author constantly returns are Scripture and the

central dogmas of Christian theology. Though the discussion often proceeds on a lofty and intellectually austere plane, it never fails to include an authentic note of devotion and human understanding.

"Contemplation," Fr. Balthasar explains, is "an inward gaze into the depths of the soul and, for that very reason, beyond the soul to God." Yet, he properly cautions, this "does not mean simply gazing on the Absolute. . . . It is a meeting with the Absolute—an encounter." At all times, moreover, this act keeps an essentially Christological, Trinitarian and ecclesiological character. "Whatever depths be reached by human contemplation, if they are not, explicitly or implicitly, bound up with the life of the Trinity, the God-man and the Church, they are either illusory altogether or diabolic." Ultimately, too, the "contemplative's gaze always turns back to the humanity of Jesus."

A reviewer, at this point, must fight the temptation to quote all his favorite

passages. On the liturgy, for instance: "A liturgical movement unaccompanied by a contemplative movement is a kind of romanticism, an escape from time. . . ." Or on the "practical" aspect of prayer: "It is quite impossible to contemplate the word if one does not previously intend to let it influence one's conduct."

And then there are the remarks about the necessary bond between the isolated contemplative and the community of the faithful, on the interaction between contemplation and true Catholic Action, or the new emphasis in Christian thought on the relative values of work and contemplation in building the heavenly Jerusalem here below. Clearly, significant features of the book are its ability to combine the traditional and the novel, the profoundly theological and the warmly human, and its weaving of all elements into "a single liturgy, at once sacred and secular, ecclesiastical and cosmic."

There are, indeed, passages in this study that may discourage many readers because of the theological or philosophical background they demand. None the less, one can safely recommend it as a book that has something for everybody. It would be a pity, then, if some were dissuaded from reading it because of heavy weather encountered in the first two chapters. For that reason, I suggest that some will find it more profitable to begin with a later chapter such as "The Mediation of the Church," "The Reality of Contemplation" (especially the sections on "Liturgy" and "Freedom"), "The Life of the Trinity" or "Cross and Resurrection." Eventually, however, one must go back and read the book from start to finish. Nothing will be lost in the process; this volume will continue to reward most readers through more than one prayerful perusal.

DONALD R. CAMPION, S.J.

Where History Began

INDIA: A Modern History
By Percival Spear. U. of Michigan Press.
491p. \$10

Compressing the 2,500 years of India's recorded history into a single volume is a formidable task, but Percival Spear has accomplished it admirably. India's early history is largely a body of surmises drawn from ancient epics and religious writings. However, from Alexander the Great's invasion in 326 B.C. to the present, reliable historical records are available. From the vast body

of information about India's past, Mr. Spear, who was for 28 years on the faculty of Delhi University, has selected evidence relating to his central theme, the transformation of India into a modern state under the impact of the West. He omits details of wars, dynastic lists and frontier changes. Instead, he emphasizes influences on the shaping of modern India which have their roots in the past, such as Hinduism, caste and imperialism. His discussion of these creative forces is original and perceptive.

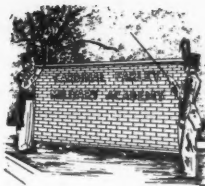
He sees Hinduism as more than a religio-social system. "It is a Gargantuan, many-bodied thing, gross and subtle at the same time, reaching to the skies and falling to the depths." It

is not a religion in any modern sense. It comprises many religions, some of them contradictory. No duties or rituals bind all its adherents. Traditions are important but may be disregarded. Hinduism is both a body of customs and a body of ideas which have changed through the centuries and which are changing faster today than ever before. Public opinion working through the caste system determines the ideas and rules which must be observed under penalty of social ostracism.

It is commonly asserted that there are four main castes, each with many subdivisions. Spear avoids this error. Castes originated within the four orders or *varnas* of Indian society. The *varnas* were not castes but rather classes in the

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WRITE FOR BULLETIN A

modern sense. The 3,000 castes which form a bewildering pattern in Indian society are formed on various bases, usually by occupation but also by tribe, sect, region, migration, custom and intermarriage.

A fair portion of *India* is devoted to an account of the scope and effects of Portuguese, Dutch, British and French imperialism. The struggle for independence which culminated in the division of the subcontinent into two states in 1947 is described in detailed and temperate fashion.

The great leaders of India, native and foreign, are sharply etched. Clive was "vehement and superlative in all that he did" but "he lacked the sense of balance, the larger views, and the integrity which go to make the higher statesmanship." Dalhousie took everything into account except feeling, forgetting that feeling often rules mankind. Jinnah's precise manner and sartorial elegance concealed "keen ambition, pride of achievement, an iron will, and a certain icy passion." Gandhi was "the hyphen connecting the middle classes and the people which transferred energy from each to the other." Nehru is "a dictator in spite of himself. He was his own foreign minister not because India lacked talent, but he lacked confidence in others."

FRANCIS GRIFFITH

Films

Babes in Toyland

Normally I am inclined to think that Walt Disney can do no wrong in adapting for the screen a children's classic from another medium and another era. And I am sure that a lot of older folk who have been bewailing the dearth of suitable holiday fare for youngsters will welcome this screen (*Buena Vista*) version of Victor Herbert's children's operetta with open arms. In my youth it used to make an annual Christmas appearance on Broadway. Nevertheless, I wonder whether the picture has anything like the universal appeal of many Disney films.

I cannot recall the original well enough to say how faithful the movie is to the old libretto. The question is academic in any case. Victor Herbert's musicals are seldom revived any more, precisely because the public has come

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to expect more of librettos than they did in his day.

In the Disney version, the fairy-story plot about the assorted problems and perils of a group of Mother Goose characters is strangely deficient in charm or point of view or capacity to involve the emotions of anyone much over the age of ten.

Besides, the delightful Herbert score has been "flattened out" by the musical director, presumably in deference to contemporary musical taste, and a few unmemorable new numbers have been added. Also, apparently with the teenage market in mind, the romantic leads have been entrusted to two favorites of that age group, Tommy Sands and Annette, whose talent is not readily discernible to us older folk.

The picture, in color naturally, has some incidental virtues—the comic villainy of Ray Bolger and his two inept assistants, Henry Calvin and Gene Sheldon; the comedy of bumbling toymaker Ed Wynn and his erratic genius of an assistant, Tommy Kirk; and the ingenious wooden-soldier puppets who put the villain to rout. It will be a treat for younger children, I think, but not necessarily for the young in heart of all ages who can be counted on to support top-drawer Disney. [L of D: A-I]

A Pocketful of Miracles

The releasing corporation (*United Artists*) describes this film as an "audience picture, not a critics' picture." Having been thus put on the defensive, I can only report that it is certainly not this critic's picture.

It is a remake, by director Frank Capra, of his nearly 30-year-old hit movie, *Lady for a Day*. The plot, from a story by Damon Runyon, concerns a raffish old rag bag of a Broadway apple woman (Bette Davis) who is the unofficial good-luck talisman of a local racketeer (Glenn Ford).

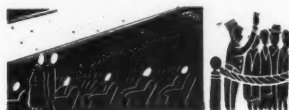
Apple Annie, it develops, has a softer side to her nature in the shape of a daughter (Ann Margret) whom she has somehow maintained in an exclusive Spanish boarding school. Consternation reigns, however, when the daughter writes of her imminent arrival with her Spanish nobleman fiancé (Peter Mann) and his father (Arthur O'Connell). They are coming to visit her mother who, Annie's letters have led her to believe, is a *grande dame* of New York society.

The hearts of all sorts of people can be touched by the plight in which Annie's quixotic mother love has landed her. As a result, Broadway gangster-

dom, a whole army of couturiers and beauticians, and finally the leading lights of society and municipal and State government collaborate to create in depth the image of a *grande dame*—which, miraculously, holds together until the visitors have left the country.

Runyon's fables represented a highly specialized literary vision, even in his own era. If they are to work at all today, it seems to me, they must be done on a modest scale and frankly as period pieces, both in setting and style.

Though Capra does identify his remake with the Prohibition Era, he buries it under so many oversize con-



temporary production embellishments that the period is lost sight of. He has also upset the delicately balanced Runyon values by casting essentially romantic players (Glenn Ford, Hope Lange) as the gangster and his brassy moll.

The director has let the picture run on to the inexcusable length of 2 hours and 15 minutes. This overexposure mercilessly highlights specious and dated assumptions and frequently defeats the efforts of the Grade-A cast. A few supporting performers—Peter Falk as a congenitally pessimistic gangster and Edward Everett Horton as an off-beat butler—light up the story and the screen whenever they are about. [L of D: A-II] MOIRA WALSH

Science

Weightlessness

Is an astronaut really weightless when he is in orbit? Let's begin our discussion by talking about weight.

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Pole, but a little less if you stood him on the equator; and if you could lift him to a point 4,000 miles above the earth's surface, you would find him tipping the balance at no more than 50 pounds.

But again, if this identical "mass of man" stood on our moon, he would weigh only about 35 pounds, because the moon is a much weaker source of gravitational pull than the earth. He would weigh 500 pounds on Jupiter, because Jupiter is much more massive than the earth.

The most important thing to note is this: although weight, as a gravitational pull, is variable, still, no matter how a body moves, it will have weight as long as it is in a nonzero gravitational field. And so our astronaut, riding a rocket at 300 miles above the earth's surface, does have weight; he weighs practically as much as he did when he was on his launching pad. Why then do we say he is weightless?

The answer lies in physiology instead of physics. Weightlessness is primarily a subjective term. It describes a human experience—the absence of a *feeling* of weight.

The feeling of weight is the response of the body to nongravitational forces that act upon it. I feel the weight of my arm when my muscles work against the pull of gravity and lift the arm above my head.

So too, when I stand on a diving board I feel the board pressing on the soles of my feet—resisting the pull of the earth. But when I jump off the board, the force of gravity is unopposed (if we neglect a tiny amount of air resistance). I am now in a state of "free fall," and I experience no sensation of weight. I am said to be weightless.

This peculiar experience is shared by the astronaut, no matter whether he is moving in a line, circle, ellipse, parabola or hyperbola, so long as his rocket engines are not firing and thereby creating an external force opposed to the force of gravity exerted by the earth. Under these conditions the astronaut and his ship are in a state of free fall, from the physicist's point of view. There is no feeling of weight, no sensation of resistance to the pull of gravitational forces; and the conditions are described as those of zero gravity, even though the term is somewhat misleading.

Since man is very much a gravity-oriented creature, it is to be presumed that long exposure to weightlessness may have profound psychosomatic effects on astronauts. Maj. Gherman Titov, who spent a full day in this state last August, felt somewhat ill most of the time he was circling the earth.

The problem will be worse for the first men to circle the moon and return. They must experience weightlessness for several days on end. It still remains to be seen whether bodily and mental disturbances will seriously impair their efficiency in space.

Fortunately for the future of space travel, if weightlessness proves very harmful, we can provide spacemen with artificial gravity by spinning our spaceships like tops. However, such a scheme will require ships of rather different design than those being projected for the immediate future.

L. C. MCHUGH

The Word

God, who made this most holy night to blaze with brilliance of the true Light, grant, we beg, that as we celebrate the mysteries of this Light on earth, so we may share His joys in heaven (Collect, First Mass of Christmas). . . . *Grant, we beg of you, almighty God, that as we are filled with the new light of Your incarnate Word, so there may shine in our deeds what by faith flames in our hearts* (Collect, Second Mass of Christmas).

THERE ARE SO MANY ways in which loving eyes may look upon the Lord Christ. He may be seen as God. He may be known as man, for He is both. He may be regarded as teacher or good shepherd or king or priest or redeemer or victim or mystical food or everlasting conqueror. He is this and infinitely more.

The Christmas liturgy sees Christ in a special light: as the Light. Our Saviour Himself said it: *I am the light of the world*. The appealing image is everywhere in the Nativity liturgy. In the two collects we have quoted there are seven different Latin words which convey the notion of light.

Light means: no darkness—no evil—no fear.

Men do not like darkness. Darkness cancels one of man's most urgent functions, for in the dark he cannot see. Since he cannot see, he cannot know where he is and what might be about him. So, in the dark men are much more afraid, for all their denials, than in broad daylight. And not without reason. Evil works by preference in the dark, for thus it will not be seen and called by its true name and thwarted and punished.

There may have been precious little light in the stable-cave at Bethlehem, but there was no darkness, either. The Light that shone in the poor manger was bright enough to illumine the whole world. In that Light evil slinks away, guilty and ashamed. In that Light fear is found to be what it really is: foolishness and absurdity.

In the soft, bright splendor of the Christmas crib, Holy Mother Church makes two petitions.

We ask that *there may shine in our deeds what by faith flames in our hearts*.

Not even on the fair, sweet Christmas night can Holy Mother Church be enticed into religious sentimentality and pious mawkishness. Every Christmas night passes as did the first, and so does every Christmas day. What remains, then? What is religiously stable and permanent? Christ and His revelation. Or *faith* and our *deeds*.

But these must agree; they must be one. Christ in the crib is not other than Christ on the cross, and Christ is not separable from the Christian program. *To live is Christ*, says St. Paul with finality. So our *deeds* must march with our *faith*. Mother Church, you see, never loses her way in any darkness or twilight of sentiment. Yes, there lies the sweet Infant in the manger; there hovers the lovely Maiden-Mother. In all that this means we have, thank God, complete *faith*. Splendid, says the Church. And now, she continues, let us look to our *deeds*. We dare not cheat the Christ Child. That must *shine in our deeds* which *by faith flames in our hearts*.

The other petition is that *as we celebrate the mysteries of this Light on earth, so we may share His joys in heaven*.

Is there a Christian who does not feel keenly the *transience* of Christmas? It is such a silvery, gentle, happy time. All the harshness goes out of life; all the raucous, strident noises are stilled; all the pain is quietly soothed. Once again it is "silent night, holy night," and there is "peace on earth," for "so hallowed and so gracious is the time." And then it is over, and the clank and clamor resume, and the burdens are taken up as before, and again the pain begins to throb. There is no use trying to make a blindfold or a cushion or, perhaps, a permanent tranquilizer even out of Christmas.

What, then? Why, we must walk in the Light that is Christ, that *so we may share His joys in heaven*, that we may be ever merry in the Light that does not fail or fade.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

AMERICA'S
JESUIT
EDUCATION
SERIES
spotlights



Professional and Graduate Education at

Saint Louis University

While offering a complete undergraduate curriculum, Saint Louis University also provides extensive educational opportunities in professional and graduate work. Its Schools of Medicine, Dentistry and Law and its Graduate School were among the first established in the West and have won national renown.

The School of Medicine is the heart of the largest Catholic medical center in the world. It has an enrollment of 435, and ranks fifth among the country's 82 four-year medical schools in the ratio of out-of-state students. The opening of the David P. Wohl Memorial Mental Health Institute advances the school's progress in the field of psychiatry.

The School of Law, which traces its beginnings to 1842, was the first law school west of the Mississippi. It numbers many outstanding attorneys, judges and governmental leaders among its alumni.

The School of Dentistry is one of only seven dental schools between the Mississippi and the West Coast. Its extensive program in orthodontics is considered to be one of the best in the country.

The Graduate School, including the School of Social Service and the School of Divinity, is the largest in the University, with an enrollment of 2,165. It offers the master's degree in 38 fields and the doctor of philosophy degree in 24, ranging from biochemistry to zoology. St. Louis University is among 80 universities, including six Catholic universities, that award 90 per cent of all Ph.D. degrees in the sciences.

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

LAS Arts and Sciences	ILL Institute of	PT Physical Therapy
AE Adult Education	Languages and	RT Radio-TV
A Architecture	Linguistics	S Social Work
C Commerce	IR Industrial Relations	Sc Science
D Dentistry	J Journalism	SF Sister Formation
DH Dental Hygiene	L Law	Sp Speech
Ed Education	MT Medical Technology	Sy Seismology Station
E Engineering	M Medicine	T Theatre
FS Foreign Service	Mu Music	AROTC Army
G Graduate School	N Nursing	NROTC Navy
HS Home Study	P Pharmacy	AFROTC Air Force

F-15

JESUIT COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

ALABAMA Spring Hill College (Mobile)	Departments LAS-C-Ed-N-Sc-Sy-AROTC
CALIFORNIA Loyola University (Los Angeles) University of San Francisco University of Santa Clara	LAS-AE-C-E-Ed-G-IR-L-AFROTC LAS-Sc-C-Ed-G-N-L-Sy-AROTC LAS-AE-C-E-Ed-G-L-Sc-Sy-AROTC
COLORADO Regis College (Denver)	LAS-Sy
CONNECTICUT Fairfield University	LAS-C-Ed-G-Sc
ILLINOIS Loyola University (Chicago) Loyola University (Chicago)	LAS-AE-C-D-Ed-G-HS-IR-L-M-N-S-Sc-Sy-Sp-AROTC
LOUISIANA Loyola University (New Orleans) University of New Orleans	LAS-AE-C-D-DH-Ed-G-J-L-MT-Mu-P-RT-S-Sc-Sy-AROTC
MARYLAND Loyola College (Baltimore)	LAS-G-AROTC
MASSACHUSETTS Boston College (Chestnut Hill) Holy Cross College (Worcester)	LAS-C-Ed-G-L-N-S-Sc-Sy-AROTC LAS-G-NROTC-AFROTC
MICHIGAN University of Detroit University of Detroit	LAS-A-C-D-E-G-IR-J-L-RT-Sc-Sp-T-AROTC-AFROTC
MISSOURI Rockhurst College (Kansas City) St. Louis University	LAS-AE-C-IR-Se LAS-AE-C-D-E-Ed-G-L-M-MT-N-PT-S-Sc-Sp-Sy-T-AFROTC
NEBRASKA The Creighton University (Omaha) University of Omaha	LAS-AE-C-D-Ed-G-IR-J-L-M-N-P-S-Sc-Sp-AROTC
NEW JERSEY St. Peter's College (Jersey City)	LAS-AE-C-AROTC
NEW YORK Canisius College (Buffalo) Fordham University (New York)	LAS-C-Ed-G-Sc-Sy-AROTC LAS-AE-C-Ed-G-J-L-P-S-Sp-Sy-AROTC-AFROTC
OHIO Le Moyne College (Syracuse)	LAS-C-IR
PENNSYLVANIA John Carroll University (Cleveland) Xavier University (Cincinnati)	LAS-C-G-Sy-AROTC LAS-AE-C-G-Sy-AROTC
PENNSYLVANIA St. Joseph's College (Philadelphia) University of Scranton	LAS-AE-G-Ed-IR-Sc-AFROTC LAS-Ed-G-AROTC
WASHINGTON Gonzaga University (Spokane) Seattle University	LAS-C-E-Ed-G-J-L-Mu-N-Sy-AROTC LAS-C-Ed-E-G-J-N-SF-AFROTC
WASHINGTON, D.C. Georgetown University	LAS-C-D-FS-G-ILL-L-M-N-Sy-AROTC-AFROTC
WEST VIRGINIA Wheeling College	LAS
WISCONSIN Marquette University (Milwaukee) University of Wisconsin	LAS-AE-C-D DH-E-Ed-G-J-L-M-MT-N-PT-Sc-Sp-Sy-AROTC-NROTC

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1961

60th

anniversary announcement

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Beginning with the January, 1962 issue—which also marks the beginning of this influential Journal's 60th year of publication—CATHOLIC MIND will become a monthly. This decision was prompted by the growing demand for more of the solid content which has characterized this review of Christian thought.

The editors' plans for the NEW CATHOLIC MIND call for more and broader coverage of the outstanding addresses, articles and documentation of lay and clerical leaders of our times. The format will change. The pages will be larger; the appearance livelier. The January issue will feature articles by John Courtney Murray, S.J., Charles Malik, Thomas Merton, Richard Duprey, John A. O'Brien and Most Reverend Victor J. Reed.

In this, the 60th year of CATHOLIC MIND's publication, share in the stimulating, intellectual benefits which will result from regular reading of this NEW monthly (except in July and August). These are the rates which apply: One year, \$5; two years, \$8; three years, \$10.

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